A

Pastoral POEM

ON THE

VICTORIES

AT

Schellenburgh and *Bleinheim*;

Obtain'd by the Arms of the Confederates, under the Command of his Grace the Duke of

MARLBOROUGH

OVER THE

French and *Bavarians*.

With a large Preface, shewing the Antiquity and Dignity of Pastoral Poetry.

By Mr. OLDMIXON.

Sylvæ sint Consule *Dignæ.* Virg.

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ERRATA.

PReface, page 2. line 3. read *have*, p. 13. l. 1. r. *Pharmaceutria*, l. 2. r. *whom*, p. 14. l. 3. r. *Epithalamium*, l. 12. r. *daring*, p. 16. r. *dune Eglogue entonne*, Poem p. 10. l. 1. r. *grov'les*, p. 20. l. 7. r. *o're*, p. 23. l. 11. r. *Presence*.

TO

Her GRACE

THE

Dutchess of *Marlborough*.

MADAM,

I Presume at an Awful Distance to approach Your *Grace*, with the Humble Tribute of the *Rural Muse*. The Contemplation of Your *Hero's* Immortal Victories abroad, and Your *Grace's* Unparalell'd *Duty* and *Affection* to your *Sovereign* at home, has for some a time

time been her ſole *Pleaſure* and *Employment*; though ſhe durſt not venture out of the *Woods*, till the Loud *Voice* of the conſenting *World*, in *Praiſe* of Your Mutual *Virtues*, made her Silence Criminal.

As ſhe is a Stranger to the Pomp and Elegance of a *Court*, ſo ſhe is unacquainted with the Arts of Flattery, which is as uſeleſs as unwelcome when ſhe ſpeaks of the *Prince* to whom you are ſo nearly ally'd, or of the High Qualities that

that render you the Worthy *Partner* of his *Bed* and his *Fame*. For nothing too great can be said of the *One*, nor too fine of the *Other*. *Fiction*, the first Beauty of *Poetry*, is lost in so glorious a *Theam*, and Plain Truth the most shining *Encomium* the *Muses* can make upon *You*.

This Madam, can only justifie her Presumption, by the Sincerity and Zeal of her Vows, for the Continuance and Encrease of your *Glory*.

That

Epistle Dedicatory.

That Her Majesty may be long happy in the Service of Two such Faithful and Important *Subjects*, and *Your Graces* and your Illustrious Line long enjoy the benign Influences of Her *Auspicious Reign*, is the hearty *Prayer* of

Madam,

Your Graces

Most Humble, Most Obedient,

and Most Devoted Servant,

J. Oldmixon.

PREFACE.

SInce Praiſe, by the Univerſal Conſent of Mankind, is allow'd to be a juſt Tribute, which ought to be paid to the Virtuous and the Brave; we ſhou'd think our ſelves ſhort in our Duty, if we omitted bringing our Mite into the publick Treaſury, and acknowledging among the reſt of our Country-men, in the beſt manner we can, what we owe to the Courage and Conduct of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, who has done more for the Liberty

of *Europe* in one Campaign, than all the Inſtruments of the French King's Tyranny has been able to do againſt it in an Age.

Great Acts are often produc'd by Luſt of Power, moſt of the famous Heroes both ancient and modern, were animated by a lawleſs Ambition and an immoderate Deſire of Rule. Fortune too favourable to bold Enterpriſes, without entring into the merits of the Cauſe, crown'd them with ſucceſs; and the Poets and Orators always meaſur'd their Glory by the extent of their Dominions, without conſidering that Conqueſts are at beſt but glorious Robberies, and that as the Pyrate told *Alexander* the Great, there was no more diffe-

rence

rence between them two, than that he robb'd People of their Money, and *Alexander* robb'd them of their Countries. Though some of the ancient Heroes might make a good use of their Power, yet that does not excuse their seizing it out of the Hands of those to whom it belong'd, and leaving it in Possession of such as knew not that 'twas given them for any other purpose than to indulge their Passions, and commit all sorts of Violence and Injustice, without fear of Punishment or Controul. If the Flatterers of *Alexander* and *Cæsar* had been ask'd what either of them had done for their Country, must they not have answer'd, *they found her Free, and left her a Slave.* The Liberties of *Greece* and *Rome* were their most Valu-

able

able Conquests; and yet these are the Men on whose Altars all the Poetical Incense of Antiquity is offer'd. 'Twas thought an extraordinary thing for *Virgil* to make Honourable mention of *Cato*: At the same time that he places the *Julian Race* among the Gods. The True Fathers of their Country, and the True Patriots met, with few Poets, to celebrate their Praises. But the worst of Tyrants if they had a little Personal Valour, and a small Portion of Generosity are left to Posterity as so many Divinities. These are the Men whose Examples have form'd most of the succeeding Heroes. These are the Models of Heroic Virtue on the Stage, and the Poets in our Days have been so Charm'd with the Shining Pictures drawn

drawn of them by the Antients, that they seem to make it one of the first Principles of their Art for a Hero to own no Law but his Will, and set no Bounds to his Ambition, but the acquiring universal Empire. If some Modern *Bardes* have attempted to place the *Asserters* of *Liberty* in a true Light. Their Poems have been discourag'd, and their Heroes esteem'd a mean sort of People, below the Imitation of great Minds.

The *French* King without any of the Heroick Qualities of either *Cesar* or *Alexander* pretends to rival their Greatness, and indeed is the first Hero that assum'd the Title of *Le Grand*, without ever having

been in any Action. Yet he has not wanted a Crowd of *Sycophants*, some of them Men of the first Rank for Wit and Learning, to cry him up as a Prince, of whom they say little, when they only compare him to the Grecian or Roman Conqueror. They have had the Impudence to pay him Divine Honours, and this proud Man has liv'd to see his fairest Trophies ravish'd from him in one Summer; and his Design of enslaving the World, ruin'd by the Wisdom and Bravery of an English General, and an English Army, under the Auspices of a Queen, who makes no other use of Her Victories, than to confirm the Liberty of Mankind; against which *Lewis* the XIVth

XIVth has for above forty Years been bending all his Force, and all his Cunning; for as his Arms have Triumph'd more by Number than Valour, so his Councils have succeeded more by Fraud and Tricking, than by the wise Management of a fair Politician.

What are all his Breaches of Treaties come to? One Vigorous Effort of a Prudent and Brave Captain, has reduc'd him to the Necessity of Abandoning the Empire, after he and his Ally had surpriz'd the best Cities under her Dominion, and carry'd the Terror of their Arms to the Walls of *Vienna*. His Armies that rov'd up and down on the *Danube*, are now either bury'd in

in its Banks, Impriſon'd in the Hands of their Enemies, or skulking nnder the Cannon of their Strong Towns. The Emperor, the Empire and all the Braveſt Nations of the *North* are eas'd of their Fears of a French Yoke, and the Engliſh Name made Glorious to the utmoſt Borders of *Europe*.

Is not this enough to kindle the Coldeſt *Muſe* into a Flame, and put Life into the Deadeſt Wight of *Parnaſſus?* Thoſe that are ſilent now muſt certainly do it for one of theſe two Reaſons; they either believe, as *Boileau* ſays,

Pour

Pour chanter un Auguſte, *il faut être un* Virgile,

A Virgil *only ſhou'd a* Ceſar *ſing*,

Or they diſlike both the Hero and the Action. Not to offend the Modeſty of the Sons of *Apollo*, I fear few of 'em give the firſt for a reaſon to themſelves, and the ſecond they dare not deliver, leaſt the World who already cenſure them for their ſilence shou'd carry their reſentments further, and prove by very cloſe and ſolid Arguments they are in the Wrong.

I am far from thinking I can do ſo illuſtrious an Action Juſtice, I ought to have been frighten'd by the ſucceſs of moſt of the Writers, who have hitherto attempted it, had our Sol-

diers fought no better than our Poets write upon 'em, we should have had little to rejoyce over but our *Victory* at Sea. Yet instead of discouraging, this embolden'd me to do as I saw others had done before me: Comforting my self, that if I could not do better 'twas impossible to do worse; and if I did not distinguish my self on this occasion, I might get off in the Croud of those for whom the Subject has been too hard. I have heard of other Poems from which I have much greater Expectations, and amongst them all I hope there will rise one Genius or another, who will Present the *British Hero* with something worthy the Dignity of the *British Muse*.

I sup-

I suppose the half Criticks may fancy that *Pastoral* is a very improper sort of Poem to sing of Victory and War. They imagine Shepherds and Shepherdesses when they are in their Shades, shou'd be always Billing and Cooing, Sighing and Sobbing, talking of their Flocks and their Garlands, and that every thing which looks like Business or Ambition is out of their Element. They reckon *Pastoral* below the Character of a Hero, a Politician, or Philosopher. As if *Virgil* did not know what he was doing, when he wrote of *Pollio*, the *Consul*'s Triumphs and the Birth of his Son, in his Fourth Ecclogue.

The

The Lovely Boy with his Auſpicious Face,
Shall Pollio's *Conſulſhip and Triumph Grace*
Majeſtick Months ſet out with him to their appointed Race.
The Father Baniſh'd Virtue ſhall reſtore,
And Crimes ſhall threat the Guilty World no more.
The Son ſhall lead the Life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes ſee.
Dryd. Tranſl. of the 4th Eclog.

Theſe ſevere Judges will not Pardon him What he ſays of the formation of the World in the 6th. Eclogue.

For lo, he ſung the Worlds ſtupendous Birth,
How ſcatter'd Seeds of Sea and Air and Earth,
And Purer Fire thro' univerſal Night,
And empty Space did fruitfully unite:
From whence th' innumerable Race of things,
By Circular ſucceſſive order ſprings.
E. of *Roſcommon*'s Tranſlat. of the 6th Ecclog.

They

They forget his *Pharmaceutria*, and that of *Theocritus* when he imitates,

Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready Triumph of thy Finish'd Wars.

Again,

Since neither Gods nor Godlike Verse can move,
Break out ye smother'd Fires, and kindle smother'd Love.
Exert your utmost Powers, &c.

Dryden's Transl. of the 8th Eccl.

Now to my Charms, but you bright Queen of Night,
Shine and assist me with your borrowed Light;
You mighty Goddess I invoke, and you
Infernal Hecate, *&c.*

Mr. *Bowl's* Transl. of *Theoc. Pharm.*

Neither will the 18th Idyll of *Theocritus* escape their Censure, if they will never allow the Shepherds

Songs to fly higher than the Tops of their Poplars and Willows. The Poet sings the *Epithalmium* of *Helen* and *Menelaus*, and speaks of the Bridegroom's Happiness.

Jove's beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,
And Jove himself is less a God than he.
Dryden's Translat.

But 'twou'd be endless, if a Man shou'd go about to give all the Instances wherein the Antients have suffered the *Rural Muse* to tower upwards with a dazling Wing, and *Thalia* soars as high as *Clio* or *Calliope*. I am much more afraid of not being able to offend in this kind, than of displeasing any one by it.

As for the Antiquity of the Eclogue, what the ingenious Author of the Preface to *Dryden's Virgil* has said of it, there is little left for any one to add to the Subject. 'Tis generally allowed that *Pastoral* Poetry is the most ancient of all, and that, as 'tis the eldest Child of Nature, so it most resembles her. *Pere Rapin* gives it a Place in his *Reflexions sur la Poetique*, before Satyrs, Elegy, or even the Ode; saying, 'tis *le plus considerables des Petits Poemes*, the most considerable of the Low Poetry, or the *Little Poems* as Mr. *Rimer* translates it, and when he compares *Theocritus* and *Virgil* together, he writes, the latter has *plus Noblesse*, the former *plus de Force*, *Graces de Nobleſſe*, more good Sense and more Force, and more Nobleness: which

is

is an odd Commendation, if as he affirms elſewhere, the Subject of *Paſtoral* Poetry ought always to be low, for *ſon Genie n'a rien de grand.* There is nothing great in its Genius. We have shown how *Virgil*, whom both he and *Boileau* adviſe us to imitate, has given more than one Proof, that the Ecclogue is capable of Elevation. The latter of theſe Two Criticks ſeems of another Opinion.

Au milieu d'un Eglogue étonne la Trompette
De peur de l'écouter Pan *fuit dans les Roſeaux.*

Beware how you ſound a Trumpet in an Ecclogue, leaſt when *Pan* hears it, he flies from the Rivers Banks, and hides himſelf in

the

the Rushes. Though this agrees very little with what he says afterwards.

Et par quel Art encor l'Eglogue quelquefois
Rend dignes d'un Consul, la Campagne & les Bois.
Boil. L'Art Poetique.

Learn by what Art the Ecclogue sometimes may render the Woods worthy a Consul. We know *Rapin* and *Boileau* have said enough of the Simplicity of the Ecclogue, that they confine it to the Loves, the Sports, the Piques, the Jealousies, Quarrels, Intrigues, Passions and Adventures of Shepherds; that the latter gives very hard Names to those *Rhimers* who lay aside the Pipe and the Flute, to take up the Fife

and the Trumpet. The Author of the abovemention'd Preface, contrary to their Opinion, which indeed is not always consistent with itself, justifies the Dignity of the *Rural Muse*, by the Character of the Shepherds of old, *Three of whom were the Founders of the most renown'd Monarchies in the World.*

The Shepherds in those Days had not only the Charge of their Flocks upon their Hands, but the Care of the State; and as the Riches of the World consisted chiefly in the Riches of the Field, Flocks, Herds and Corn; so Husbandry and Labour were so far from being thought below Persons of the highest Quality, that Kings held at once the

Crook

Crook and the Scepter; and *Fabritius* the Dictator was taken from the Plough, to be plac'd at the Head of the *Roman* Empire. For which and other Reasons, the same Author adds, Shepherds *cannot be suppos'd so very ignorant and unpolish'd, the Learning and good Breeding of the World was then in such Hands.* Why They shou'd not be as sensible of good News as of bad, and may not be allow'd to rejoice as well as to mourn, is what we cannot comprehend. And till we have better Satisfaction in this Point, than what any of the French Criticks give us, we shall content our selves with the Authority and Example of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

We

We gave our former *Paſtorals* the Title of Idylls, at which ſome Perſons were offended; we have avoided it now, not out of Conviction that we were in the wrong before, knowing no Reaſon why we may not as well ſay in *English* *Theocritus*'s Idylls, as *Theocritus*'s *Idyllia*; Idylls being as Muſical a Word as *Idyllia*, and Monſr. *Rapin* always calls the Poems of that Author *Idylls*. Some have fancy'd 'tis an affected Word; but thoſe very Men won'd think us much more affected, if we had call'd either of thoſe Poems an *Idyllium*, as a certain Writer wou'd have it. But as for his Reflexions or his Judgment, we value both the one and the other alike; We think his Judgment, his VVit and

and his Condition to be equally miſerable; ſo very wretched in all, that we are ſorry he has not good Nature enough to deſerve Pity. We ſhall never more concern our ſelves about his Opinion, and had we not had a great deal of Room in this Preface, we shou'd not have given the Reader this Trouble about him, knowing that we cannot do him a greater Service, than to remember him, though 'tis with Ignominy. In Complaiſance to the Taſte of the Age, we have left off writing in Blank Verſe, waiting till a ſecond *Milton* ſhall finish what the firſt began, and shake off the barbarous Yoke, impos'd on the Muſes in the Ages of Darkneſs and Ignorance. Whoever thought we

wrote formerly in blank Verſe, rather out of Neceſſity than Choice, we hope will now be convinc'd of the contrary.

Some Perſons may think Shepherds shou'd not be ſo talkative, that half an Hour's Diſcourſe is very unnatural by a River's Side.

The firſt Idyll of *Theocritus* and his Enchantreſs, *Virgil*'s 3d and 8th Ecclogue, ſeveral of *Spencer*'s, *Taſſo*'s *Amynta* and *Guarini*'s *Paſtor Fido* are ſufficient Autorities to juſtifie the Length of this *Paſtoral*, if Example wou'd excuſe me. But I believe there's no need of citing Preſidents. If there is any Action in the Poem, or Variety of Paſſions, to take off

from

from the Tediousness of 3 or 400 Verses, I have not transgress'd against the Rules of the Art, which I never thought were of any Force, except when they helpt a Man to the nearest Way to please. I cannot apprehend why there shou'd be any Difficulty to imagine an old Shepherd might entertain his Sylvan Auditory 20 or 30 Minutes. And having heard some of our Modern Swains hold out a much longer time, 'twill be impossible to convince me, 'tis out of Nature. That they discourse in Measure and Rhime, and with Flight and Figure, is no Argument against me, for Ten Lines, after that way of Judging, is as unnatural as Ten Hundred.

When

When I ſpeak of Her Majeſty or the Duke, I call them by their Proper Names without Diſguiſe, finding *Virgil* in his Ecclogues always do's the ſame; and gives no *Nom de Guerre*, to either *Pollio*, *Varus* or *Gallus*. Thoſe I have made uſe of, are good old English Names, and I believe will be found very harmonious in the Ears of all hearty Lovers of their Country.

Oh

Thyrsis.

OH Father of the Field! whose artful Strains
Sweeten our Sorrows, and relieve our Pains:
Whose Wisdom teaches us, whose Musick Charms,
Whose Age instructs us, and whose Vigor Warms
To *Damon*, leave thy Flocks, the gentle Boy
Shall tune his Reed, and take the Charge with Joy.
Come to this Shade, and by *Sabrina*'s Stream
Of Wonders Sing, and *CHURCHILL* be thy Theam.

Menalcas.

For Thee in Elder Times I oft have strung
My speaking Lyre, and to delight Thee Sung.

Was the Nymph coy, or had thy Lambkins ſtray'd
I melted with my Notes the Cruel Maid,
And with a tuneful Pipe for all thy Loſſes paid.
For Thee, my *Thyrſis*! and the generous Swains
Who haunt the Foreſt, or frequent the Plains,
I rais'd my Voice to ſing of Peace reſtor'd,
And Tyrants Bowing to *Britannia*'s Lord;
But Peace and *Cæſar* are no more; he ſaid
And dropt his Crook and hung his drooping Head.
Then *Thyrſis* thus ——

Thyrſis.

Of what do you Complain?
What Maid is injur'd, or what Shepherd ſlain;
With us 'tis Peace ſecurely from afar,
We hear the dying Sounds of diſtant War.

No Foe moleſts us, or Affrights us here,
Our tender Virgins are unus'd to fear,
And our Hinds ſafely reap the bounteous Year.
Not thus, on ſwelling *Danube*'s guilty Shoars,
Nor where the *Rhine*'s Impetuous Torrent roars,
Nor on the Banks of *Taijo*'s wealthy Flood,
Whoſe golden Sands are now diſtain'd with Blood.
They bear unwelcome Burthens to the Main,
Foul ſtreams of putrid gore, and Heaps of Slain:
No Muſick there is heard; but diſmal Cryes
That vex the Air and rend the vaulted Skies;
No Sights of Joy or Pleaſure there are ſeen,
No Loving in the Grove, nor dancing on the Green,
But ſuch as Death and waſtful War afford,
The Spoil and Ruins of the raging Sword.
While we, in Peace, our Rural Sports purſue,
And ev'ry Bleſſing know, that e're we knew.
No Noiſe is heard, no Murmurs in our Groves,

But

But Sighs of Happy or Unhappy Loves.
Few are our Pains, and Sweet to be endur'd,
And eaſie as our Wounds are made, they're Cur'd;
We dance, we ſing, we frolick and are gay,
And when we pleaſe we Love, and when we pleaſe
we Play.

Say, Sage *Menalcas*! ſay to whom we owe,
This World of Joy, amidſt a World of Woe:
With us 'tis Peace---and thou haſt lately ſeen,
In Mighty *Ceſar*'s Throne, a Mighty QUEEN,
Whoſe Goodneſs charms, whoſe Virtue awes the
Swains,
And her High Providence, defends the Plains:
Great as *Eliza*'s, whoſe Immortal Name
Till now ſtood foremoſt in the Rolls of Fame.
She, for whom *Collin* touch'd his golden
Lyre, Spencer.
And Sung her Glorious Acts with equal fire;

Ev'n

Ev'n She, muſt now to *ANNA*'s Reign reſign
The firſt Bright Page, and in the ſecond ſhine
Eliza's Arms reliev'd an Infant State, Holland.
But Empires are by *ANN*'s repriev'd from
Fate. Germany *and* Spain
Her Hero's the New World explor'd for
Gold, Drake *and* Raleigh
But *ANN*'s for Glory only ſave the Old.
And ſhall not Her Illuſtrious Triumphs raiſe
Thy fainting Voice, and Tempt
thy Sylvan Lays.
Oh Shepherd Tell, to endleſs Ages
Tell
Who Rul'd ſo Greatly, and who Fought ſo Well.

The Duke of Marlborough *refus'd the Contributions offer'd by the* Bavarians

See, the glad Youth from ev'ry Quarter throng,
To liſten to thy long expected Song.

The Flocks may rove, the Lowing Herds may ſtray,
The Swains forget their Charge, the Nymphs their Play,
And Croud the ſounding Shoars to hear the Promis'd Lay.
Be ſtill ye Winds! Attend the ſacred Muſe,
And o'er the ſilent Shade a Thouſand Sweets diffuſe.

Menalcas.

How *Thyrſis*, can I hope my Loyal Song
Will pleaſe a People who can *Cæſar* wrong?
With Loud and Impious Malice they Blaſpheme
The Glorious Life, that was my Darling Theam,
Ev'n *Mopſus*, kind to Diſcord, has revil'd
His Awful Name, yet He on *Mopſus* ſmil'd:
With Double Portions of his Favour Bleſt;
The Riſing Bard, was in his Court Careſt;

Of

Of *Cæſar* then he Sung, and *Cæſar*'s Friends,
And Curſt the Factious Crew, He now defends.
What God will ſuch a Faithleſs Muſe inſpire,
And mix Ætherial Flame with his Unhallow'd
Fire.
Mævius, the dulleſt of the Tuneful Throng,
As Lewd in Life, as Infamous in Song;
The Vileſt, of the Railing Rout, and Worſt
With Poverty alike and Scandal Curſt.
Inſults the Mighty Dead, defies the Laws,
And Damns with wicked Rhimes, his Righteous
Cauſe,
While *Albion* takes his *Demon* for a Muſe,
Or ſuffers the Mad Prophet on the Ouſe; Sach--ell
Where, *Thyrſis*, will my Honeſt Notes be heard,
The Theam Ungrateful and the ſame the Bard.

But ſoon will Heav'n and our Propitious
QUEEN
Preſent us with a New, a Fairer Scene.

Theſe

These Iron Times, as oft has been foretold
Shall rowl their Course, and then an Age of Gold.
Faction, and Frantick Zeal, and War shall cease,
And Victory resign her Reign to Peace:
The Muses then, who now in Silence mourn,
Shall leave the Wilds, and to their Shades return
From Shoar to Shoar, the joyful News shall fly,
And *ANNA*'s Praise, and *Churchill*'s reach the Sky;
To Her, to Him, we'll grateful Tribute Bring,
And none refuse to Hear and none to Sing.

Thyrsis.

Still in thy Breast will fierce Resentment burn,
Nor Joy again, nor soft Content return;
Let Faction Rage, let Discord have her Hour,
Our Fortunes are no more in Faction's Power.
Cæsar Compell'd the Fury to Obey,
But *ANNA* by her Mild and Equal Sway,

Tempers

Tempers Her Heat, Her Violence reſtrains,
And bleſſes, with Impartial Smiles, the Plains,
Nor always ſhall our Prince in vain invite,
The jarring Tribes to Love and to Unite;
Her High Example ſhall at laſt Prevail,
And all the Wicked Arts of Diſcord Fail.
Her Foreign and Domeſtick Foes no more,
Shall dare to tempt her Juſtice and her Pow'r:
Faction before her Piety ſhall fall,
And *CHURCHILL* in her Name ſubdue the trembling *Gaul*,
'Tis done--- Like Friends her differing Subjects meet,
And gladly they embrace and kindly greet:
The Boaſter Monarch who aſpir'd to riſe,
In Height to Equal Jove and mate the Skyes,

Now growles in the Duſt, his Chiefs Renown'd
To *ANNA*'s Chariot Wheels Ingloriouſly are bound,
And *CHURCHILL*'s Brows with Double Lawrels Crown'd.

Menalcas.

Oh whether wouldſt thou have the Muſe to fly?
Her Wing's alas! too weak to ſoar ſo high;
Heav'n! What a View is this ſo piercing Bright,
It dazles and confounds my raviſh'd Sight?
Our QUEEN Triumphant, and the Gaul in Chains;
Rouſe, rouſe my Soul! and in exalted Strains
Declare theſe Wonders to the liſt'ning Swains;
With fear my Fingers touch an untry'd String,
I tremble at the Task and dread to Sing.

Help

Help me, thou Monarch of the radiant Skies,
Sublimely as the Subject ſoars to riſe.
Help me, New Worlds, New Wonders to explore,
And tread in Paths I never trod before:
Long Tracts of Light, direct the Muſe the Way
To Trace the Britiſh Hoſt or Earth and Sea
Upward She mounts, She cuts the fleeting Air,
And from on high ſurveys the glorious War.
At once, the *Danube*, and the Rhine ſhe views,
The *Tagus*, and the *Po*, the *Sambre* and the *Meuſe*.
Embattled Squadrons on their Banks appear,
The Gallick Enſigns there, the Britiſh here.
Beneath Her, She the Roman Eagle Spyes
Deſcending from his Height, the upper Skies,
And fall'n ſo low that He deſpairs to riſe.
He Wings in middle Air his humble way,
Oppreſt by num'rous Hoſts of Birds of Prey:

Inſulting, o'er his airy Realms, they rove
And threaten to dethrone the Bird of *Jove.*
But ſee—— At *CHURCHILL's* awful Name He ſprings
Aloft, and ſpreading his Imperial Wings;
With ſteady Eyes to prove his rightful Sway,
Awhile he gazes on the Burning Day:
Then Tow'rs above his Foes, His Right maintains,
And drives the Rout Obſcene from the Æthereal Plains.
Stop, ſtop my Muſe! Thy haſty Flight ſuſpend,
And with an equal Pace the Victors Arms attend.

Behold a Thouſand Towns refulgent Tow'rs,
By gallick Arts enſlav'd, and Gallick Pow'rs;
Almania—— Miſtreſs of the Chriſtian World,
From bounDleſs Empire is to Bondage hurl'd,
Precarious in his Throne Her Monarch Reigns,
And ill the Little She has left maintains:

Poor,

Poor, and of course Contemptible he grows,
Insulted by his Slaves, and vanquish'd by his Foes.
The Proud *Bavarian*, and the Perjur'd *Gaul*
Press with Impatience, and expect his Fall;
With Him fair Liberty, the Beauteous Prize,
For which Old *Rome* so long contended, dyes.
So cry'd her Lovers, and her glorious Cause,
A Thousand Heroes to the *Danube* draws.
To whom shall Majesty distrest repair,
To what but *ANNA*'s Pow'r and *ANNA*'s Care,
Can Liberty and *Cæsar* fly for succour in despair.
ANNA, by fate for *Britain*'s Fame design'd,
In saving Liberty to save Mankind.
For what is wretched Man unless he's Free,
Who'd Chuse on any other Terms to be,
What Creature e'nt as Noble else as He.
If Bondage is of Beasts the greatest Curse,
Since Man knows more his Slavery is worse.
True—— Beasts must Labour and be lash'd, the Slave

Has ease perhaps as Beasts that cannot Labour have;
But when their Arbitrary Lord's Provok'd
The Man in time may with the Mule be Yok'd.
Thus *Lewis* treats his stupid Slaves in *Gaul*,
And had he Conquer'd thus had us'd us all;
Like *Albion*'s Genius *ANNA*'s Mighty Soul,
Of wrong alike impatient or Controul;
In Realms remote, to British Arms unknown,
Asserts an Emp'rors Freedom and her own:
Fair *Europe* from Her threaten'd Bondage saves,
Sets Free the *German* and the *Gaul* enslaves.

To *CHURCHILL* Her Belov'd, Her bravest Chief,
She worthily consign'd the World's Relief.
Confed'rate Nations with united Voice,
Confirm the Pious QUEEN's Auspicious Choice.

The

The Wise *Batavian*, and the Warlike *Dane*,
The *Prussian* and the Princes of the *Mein*.

The Landgrave of Hesse and other Princes.

Th' Unhappy *Palatine*'s Illustrious Race,
Assign the *British* Peer the Foremost Place:

Elector Palatine and House of Hanover.

To Him the jarring Chiefs submit the Sway,
His High Commands with pleasure they Obey,
And gladly follow, when he leads the Way.
His Host Prepar'd—— the flying Foe to find,
He waves his Crimson Crosses in the wind;
And bids the Legions move—— with loud acclaim
They hear his Voice and March secure of Fame,
Nor Rocks, nor Rivers stop Him in his Course,
All Obstacles his Art Removes, or Force.
Him Victory Attends and Fortune joyns,
Officious to assist his Vast Designs.

She Bluſhes at his View, for well She knows,
His Glory to Himſelf He only owes,
And Scorns the Favours which She gave his Foes.

Juſt to Himſelf and his Intrepid Troops,
In Heav'n and Them he centers all his Hopes.
With ſafe and ſpeedy Pace he moves to Scowr
The *Swabian* Woods and Curb Tyrannick Pow'r.
The *Gallick* Wolf, and the *Bavarian* Boar,
Wide Waſt commit along the *Danube*'s Shoar,
But Tremble at the *Britiſh* Lions roar.
Till then the Rebel and his Falſe Ally
Aſſembl'd *Europe*'s diſtant Pow'rs Defy.
Pale Terror ſeizes 'em at *CHURCHILL*'s Name,
Conſcious of preſent Guilt and Future Shame.
In vain to Cities or to Boggs they fly,
And Wiſh their Riſing Ramparts reach'd the Sky,
No Works for *Britain*'s are too Strong, no Walls too high.

Elector of Bavaria. French King.

To

To *Don'wert* see their Foremost Bands advance,
Don'wert defended by the Flow'r of *France.*
Deep Dykes and wide surround Her spacious Walls,
Made Strong by Art, which Fear has taught the *Gauls,*
Above her Tow'rs a Thousand Mounds; aspire
From whence a Thousand Engines vomit Fire.
The Thunders and the Sulph'rous Blaze of War,
But warm the *Britains* whom 'twas meant to Scare:
Dauntless They rush amid the Flame and Smoke,
And Death's Dread Fury by their Rage Provoke.
Still *CHURCHILL*'s great Example Leads 'em on,
The Mounds are raz'd, and now the Works are won.
Death and the *Gauls* to *British* Valour Yeild,
Death and the *Gauls* at once forsake the Field.
Fortune stood Neuter, nor did *CHURCHILL* need
The Various Nymphs Assistance to succeed;

But Victory confeſt Her Darling Son,
And as a Pledge of more She gave the Town:
Around his Brows the Laurel Wreath ſhe bound,
And to the Wondring World her glorious Off-
ſpring own'd.

Thyrſis awhile we muſt our Joy ſuſpend,
To mourn the Muſes Patron and their Friend.
Strephon of ev'ry Youthful Grace Poſſeſt
Of ev'ry Art Inform'd, with ev'ry Virtue bleſt;
Tho' Noble by deſcent he lov'd to Play,
Among our Youth and hear a *Sylvan* Lay;
To haunt the Green and by the Woodland Shades,
With Sighing Airs to pleaſe the Loveſick Maids:
But never ſhall he Haunt the Green again;
For *Strephon* here, Unhappy Youth! was Slain:
When Glory call'd He left the Woodland Shades,
He ceaſt his Sighing Airs and fled the Loveſick
Maids,

To

To wait on *CHURCHILL*, and he ſerv'd him well,
But here where firſt he fought, alas! he fell.

Thyrſis.

Happy for Thee ah *Strephon!* had thy Mind,
To eaſe been ſtill, and to the Woods confin'd.
Fame and Ambition be the Courtiers Care,
Love is our Bus'neſs, and our Pleaſure here
The *Fife*, the Trumpet, and the rude Alarms
Of Battles, Seiges, and the Noiſe of Arms.
Ill with the Muſes and their Sons agree,
From Care alike, and from Ambition free:
Ah Happy! Had it ſtill been thus with thee.
For thee the Nymphs, for thee the Swains ſhall mourn,
And Bleſs with Pious Vows thy Peaceful Urn.

Me-

Menalcas.

Ceaſe your Laments, and liſten to the Muſe,
She Spreads her Pinions, and her flight perſues.
Again ſhe ſoars, and now the Scene is chang'd,
To Legions ready for the Battle rang'd.
The *Britains*, and their Brave Confed'rates here,
The *Gallick*, and *Bavarian* Armies there.
The firm Battalions are the Plain extend,
And ore the *Danube*'s Banks their adverſe Wings
Depend.

Behold! the Nations met in *Bleinheim*'s Field,
To try if *Lewis*, or if *ANNE* muſt yield.
For Liberty and *ANNE* alike we Name,
And Tyranny and *Lewis* are the ſame.
Bleinheim, a Peaſant Village, in Renown
Poor, till of late, and Private like our own:

But

But *CHURCHILL*'s Triumphs ſhall in future tale,
Prefer Her to *Philippi* or *Pharſale*.
In dreadful Order, and in Bright array,
Their Bloody Enſigns either Hoſt Diſplay,
All eager to decide the doubtful Day.
See *CHURCHILL* flush'd with Recent Conqueſt ride,
Around his ſpreading Ranks, and by his ſide
EUGENE, *ALMANIA*'s ſafety and her Pride.
EUGENE ——
A grateful ſound to ev'ry *Britiſh* Ear
For *Britains* are to Him, and He to *Britains* Dear.
EUGENE, the Fav'rite and the Boaſt of Fame,
Who never fail'd to Conquer where He came:
With Wonder and Delight his Friends ſurveys,
And Charms 'em with his Love, and Warms 'em with his Praiſe.

Thou False *Bavarian!* and thou Faithless *Gaul*,
Resign the Rule of the Disputed Ball,
For *Churchill* and *Eugene* will Conquer all.
Safe in their Fences, in their Numbers sure,
Of Fortune, their Divinity, secure.
Behold the Gallick Chiefs for Fight Prepare,
And with erected Front defye the *Britains* War.

And now the moving Squadrons joyn, and now
'Tis Darkness all Above and Death Below.
The Bellowing Cannons tear the Vaulted Shoar,
And more than Imitate the Thundrers roar,
Blew Lightnings from their Brazen Mouthes they throw,
And Balls where fiery Deaths, with baleful aspect glow;
Scarce can the Solid or the Liquid Main,
The Dreadful Blast, the Mighty Shock sustain;

In

In Clouds of Smoke the Mountains hide their Heads,
And Nature a Returning *Chaos* Dreads.
Aghaſt the Demons of the Air look on,
And Shrink at Terrors greater than their own.
Horrors and Furies ſtalk about the Plain,
Attack the Living, and Inſult the Slain.
For lo! the Two Contending Armies ſtrive,
Not who ſhall Conquer now, but who ſhall Live.
Amid the Mingled Legions *CHURCHILL* ſtands,
Like Fate diſtributing his High Commands,
With Chearful Patience, and with awful Mien,
Cool as in Council, as in Peace Serene.
Amid a Thouſand Deaths He keeps his Pace,
They flaſh their fiery Terrors in his Face,
Yet ſtill he preſſes on with dreadful Grace.
He mildly puts the griſly Phantoms by,
Reſolv'd with ſteady Soul to Conquer or to Dye.

Such

Such firmneſs, who ſuch Virtue can oppoſe,
Too Fierce, too Shining for his fainting Foes:
Fortune is fled, and to Confirm their Doom,
Bright Victory is perch'd on *CHURCHILL*'s
Plume.
And now the weary'd *Gauls* begin to ply,
And now with Univerſal Rout they fly,
But if they run, or if they fight, they dye.
Before 'em, ſee, the *Danube*'s angry Tyde,
Behind 'em *Churchill* and his *Britains* ride,
Victorious ore the Plain----- the ſcatter'd Hoſt,
Driv'n by the Conq'rors to the Crouded Coaſt,
Leap down, and in the foamy Waves are loſt.

On yonder Cliffs by *Avon*'s Muddy Stream,
Thus often have I ſeen the flying Game.
Cloſely the Dogs the tim'rous Hare Purſue,
Turn as ſhe turns, and keep her ſtill in view,
Before the Billows, and behind the Hounds,
The double Death her Native fear Confounds,

Till

Till Preſt and Deſp'rate in her Danger grown,
She takes the Cliffs and Tumbles headlong down;
Splits on the Rocks, or plunges in the Flood,
And ſinking to the Deep is choak'd with mud.
The Dogs with willing Eyes the Leap ſurvey,
Still eager of the Chace, and greedy of their Prey:
But the Wiſe Hunter their Mad Heat Reſtrains,
Blows his Hoarſe Horn, and bids 'em to the Plains.

So now the *Britains* Chace the flying Foe,
And feign wou'd reach 'em in the Stream to ſtrike
the deadly Blow:
But *CHURCHILL* his Impetuous Troops Recals,
And gives to ſudden Fate the ſinking *Gauls*.
While his great Brother to ſuſtain the Day,
At *Bleinheim* holds a rally'd Rout at Bay.
In vain they prove again the bloody Field,
Unable to reſiſt they beg to yield.
Britains by Nature good as they are Brave,
Wiſh leſs to Conquer than they love to ſave

Ev'n thoſe, that lately had their Vengeance dar'd,
No ſooner had they Vanquiſh'd than they ſpar'd.
CHURCHILL at once Ten Thouſand *Gauls* forgives,
And *Tallard* only by his Mercy lives.
Tallard for Boaſting and for Fraud renown'd,
In *CHURCHILL*'s Chains whom he defy'd is bound.

Hear *Lewis!* to thy dire Confuſion Hear!
The rattling Links thy Choſen Legions wear.
Bluſh to behold thy boaſted Chiefs in Bonds,
Thy Soldiers dying with Inglorious Wounds:
Where are thy Conqueſts, thy Immortal Fame,
Thy Glory's Dead, but Deathleſs is thy Shame?
Think, for whoſe Crimes theſe Seas of *Blood* are ſpilt,
Think on a lengthen'd Age of Crimſon guilt.
No glaring Colours the foul Proſpect hide,
For nothing now is left thee but thy Pride.
The gaudy Scene remov'd we now behold,
A wrinkled Tyrant Impotent and Old.

Early

Early thy Scorching Sun began his Race,
And burnt and blaz'd awhile and now decays:
But *ANNA*'s warms the World with kindly Heat
In Virtue roſe, and ſhall in Glory ſet.

Oh ſhould I ſing the Heroes of our Iſle,
Diſtinguiſh'd in the Field for Martial Toil.
Thrice might the Sun Compleat his fiery Race,
And whirl his Golden Chariot round the Space;
Before the Song wou'd end---- or ſhou'd I tell
Whoſe Councils guide the Peaceful State ſo well
Still round a Shining Circle I might run,
And never wou'd the pleaſing Task be done.

Thee Wiſe *Godolphin!* whoſe auſpicious Care,
Provides full Plenty in the Wants of War.
Thee *Candiſh*, gen'rous as thy Princely Blood;
Thee *Pembroke* equally belov'd and good.
And You, ye Charming and Illuſtrious Fair!
Who ſerve the Throne and ſweeten *ANNA*'s Care.

We'll

We'll Celebrate with Songs and Sylvan Lays,
To You we'll Dedicate our Sports and Plays,
And Bless you with our Vows, and thank you
with our Praise.

Cool are the Shades, and in the West the Day
Emits a feeble and declining Ray:
Night spreads her Sable Mantle ore the Skies,
And Fogs defile the Air and Vapours rise.
Hence!— To the Village, let the Swains retire,
To Tine the Beechen Pile, and by the common
fire,
Let the gilt Bowl with generous Juice be crownd,
And ANNA's and the HERO's Healths with hearty Shouts go round.

FINIS.